

*"This may be the
most important comic
published in 2014."*

— ComicsAlliance.com

MS. MARVEL[®]

NO NORMAL

WILSON

**MARVEL
NOW!**

ALPHONA

Savannah
5-18

8. HISTORY
WITH TO LIVE
& DESIGN

Collected Editions



**Captain Marvel Vol. 1:
In Pursuit of Flight**
ISBN # 978-0-7851-6549-1



**Captain Marvel Vol. 2:
Down**
ISBN # 978-0-7851-6550-7



**Captain Marvel Vol. 1:
Higher, Further, Faster, More**
ISBN # 978-0-7851-9013-4

MS. MARVEL

writer
G. WILLOW WILSON

artist
ADRIAN ALPHONA

color artist
IAN HERRING

letterer
VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA

cover art
SARA PICHELLI & JUSTIN PONSOR (#1),
JAMIE McKELVIE & MATTHEW WILSON (#2-3 & #5)
and JAMIE McKELVIE (#4)

assistant editor editor
DEVIN LEWIS SANA AMANAT

senior editors
STEPHEN WACKER & NICK LOWE

collection editor
JENNIFER GRÜN WALD
assistant editor
SARAH BRUNSTAD
associate managing editor
ALEX STARBUCK
editor, special projects
MARK D. BEAZLEY
senior editor, special projects
JEFF YOUNGQUIST
svp print, sales & marketing
DAVID GABRIEL
book design
JEFF POWELL

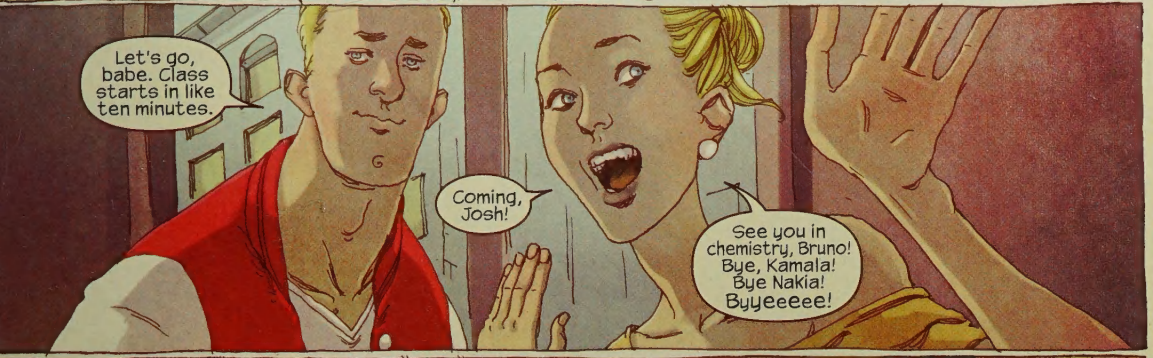


MS. MARVEL VOL. 1: NO NORMAL. Contains material originally published in magazine form as MS. MARVEL #1-5 and ALL-NEW MARVEL NOW! POINT ONE #1, Second printing 2015. ISBN# 978-0-7851-9021-9. Published by MARVEL WORLDWIDE, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, LLC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 135 West 50th Street, New York, NY 10020. Copyright © 2014 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. Characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. **Printed in Canada.** ALAN FINE, EVP - Office of the President, Marvel Worldwide, Inc. and EVP & CMO Marvel Characters B.V.; DAN BUCKLEY, Publisher & President - Print, Animation & Digital Divisions; JOE QUESADA, Chief Creative Officer; TOM BREVOORT, SVP of Publishing; DAVID AGART, SVP of Operations & Procurement; Publishing: C.B. CEBULSKI, SVP of Creator & Content Development; DAVID GABRIEL, SVP Print, Sales & Marketing; JIM O'KEEFE, VP of Operations & Logistics; DAN CARR, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; SUSAN CRESPI, Editorial Operations Manager; ALEX MORALES, Publishing Operations Manager; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Niza Disla, Director of Marvel Partnerships, at ndisla@marvel.com. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 800-217-9158. **Manufactured between 12/10/2014 and 12/2015 by SOLISCO PRINTERS, SCOTT, QC, CANADA.**



Actually, my dad wants me to take it off. He thinks it's a phase.

Really?
Wow, cultures are so interesting.



Let's go, babe. Class starts in like ten minutes.

Coming, Josh!

See you in chemistry, Bruno!
Bye, Kamala!
Bye Nakia!
Byeeeeee!



I hate her.

But she's so nice.

You're such a baby, Kamala. She's only nice to be mean.



But she's so adorable and happy!

You are not allowed to defend Zoe Zimmer.

Even your *sad nerd* obsession with the Avengers is less irritating.

It's all yours, Chatty Bob. Don't wreck the place.

Have a good day at school, Bruno!

Okay, yeah, but let's face it...

"...my chances of becoming an *intergalactic* super hero are even slimmer than my chances of becoming blond and popular."

Nooo!

He killed Rainbow Toots!

SHRIEEEEK!

Take that, evil space-creature!

Justiiiiice!

And if you ever threaten Planet Unicorn again, I will personally--

"Kamala! Dinner!"







Of course I trust *you*, beti.

But it's not safe for a young girl to be out late at night with strange boys, *drinking* God knows what and thinking God knows what.



Why don't you invite *Nakia* over? You young ladies can get your homework out of the way and then watch movies.

I'm gonna die.



You will *not* die.

Look at your friend *Bruno*-- working hard for his family and getting top grades...does *he* complain?

Bruno's a *boy*. if I was a boy, you'd let me go to the party.

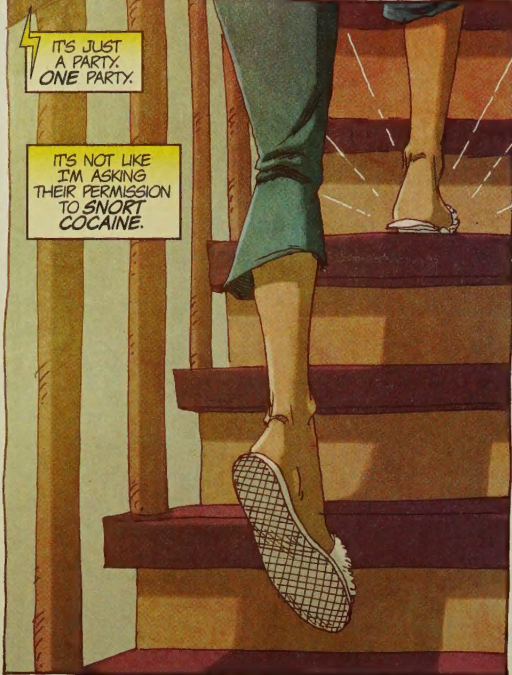
May I be *excused*?



You are *excused* straight to your room!

And stay there until you find your *manners*!

Fine!



IT'S JUST
A PARTY.
ONE PARTY.

IT'S NOT LIKE
I'M ASKING
THEIR PERMISSION
TO **SNORT**
COCAINE.



I'VE ALWAYS DONE
WHAT THEY ASK ME
TO DO...AREN'T I
ALLOWED TO DO
ANYTHING MY WAY?
JUST **ONCE?**



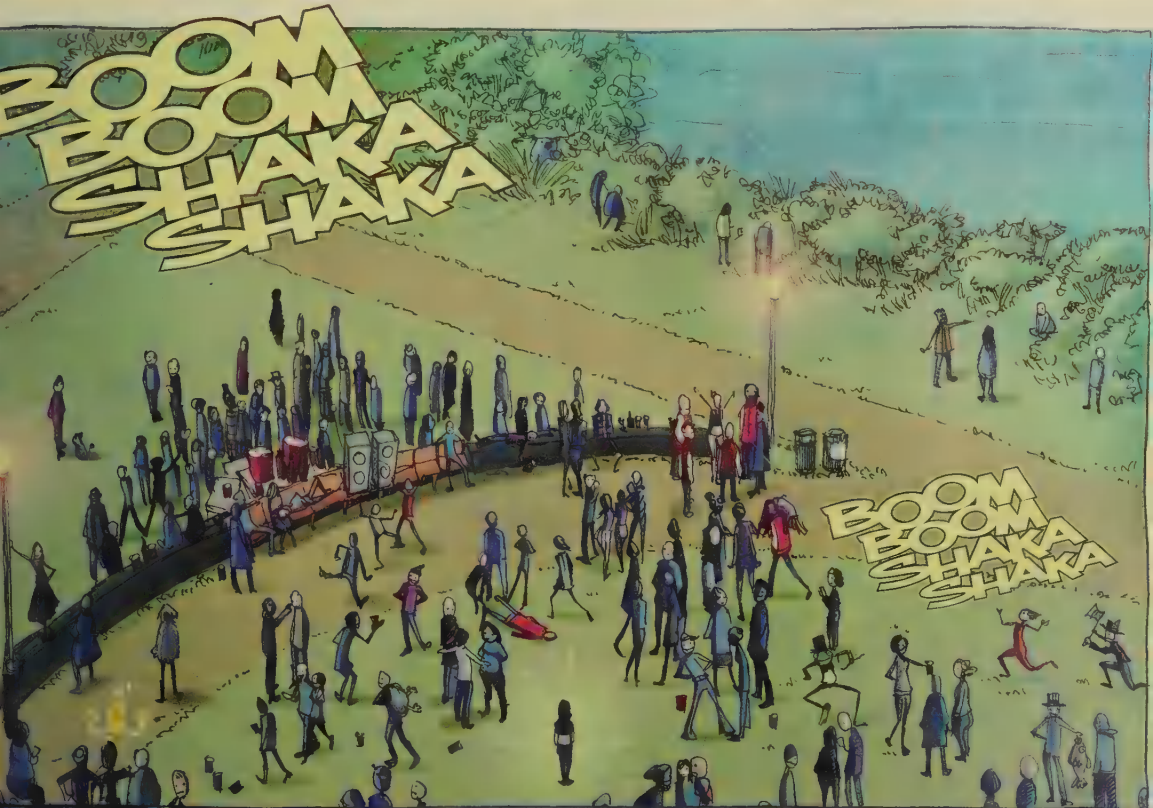
WHY AM I THE ONLY
ONE WHO GETS **SIGNED**
OUT OF HEALTH
CLASS? WHY DO I HAVE
TO BRING **PAKORAS** TO
SCHOOL FOR LUNCH?

WHY AM I STUCK
WITH THE **WEIRD**
HOLIDAYS?

EVERYBODY
ELSE GETS TO
BE **NORMAL.**



WHY
CAN'T I?





Here, have a drink.

Is there, umm, alcohol in it?



Nah, just orange juice.



Plus some vodka.

HAHAHA!



What the heck is wrong with you, Josh?

Whoa, whoa, Good Will Hunting is getting defensive.

Ugh, Kamala-- no offense, but you smell like curry. I'm gonna stand somewhere else.



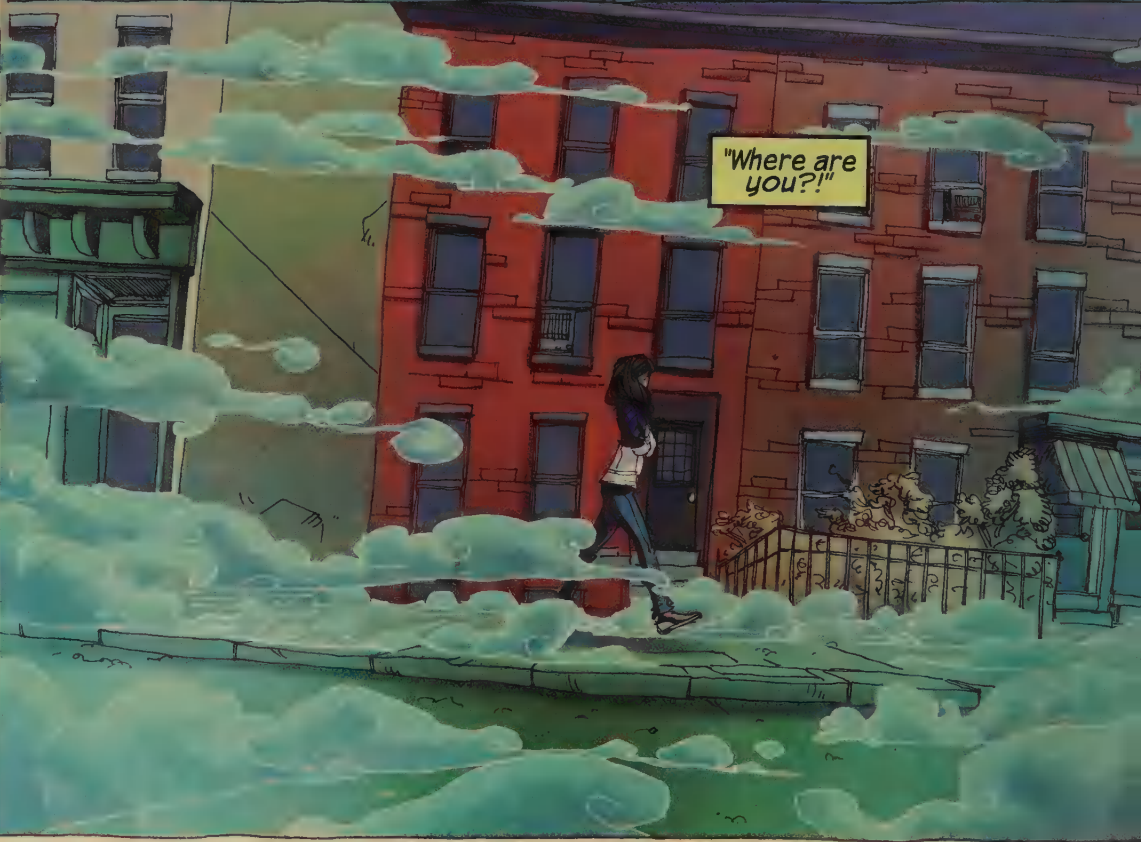
Kamala, what are you doing here?

Going to a party, Bruno.

Do your parents know?

No.







I SHOULD
HAVE KNOWN
BETTER.



WHO WAS
I KIDDING?

I CAN NEVER BE ONE OF
THEM, NO MATTER HOW
HARD I TRY. I'LL ALWAYS BE
POOR KAMALA WITH THE
WEIRD FOOD RULES AND
THE CRAZY FAMILY.



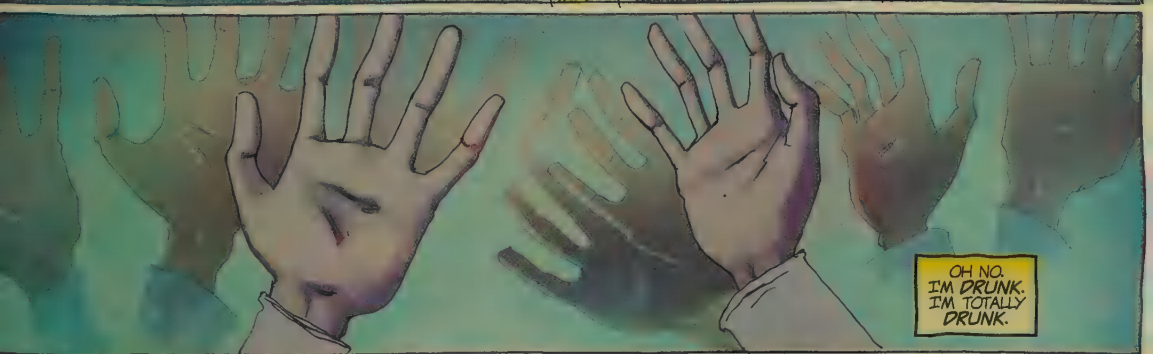
ugh.
Ow.

WAIT.

CAN YOU GET DRUNK
FROM ONE SIP OF
SOMETHING? THAT
YOU IMMEDIATELY
SPIT OUT?

MISSING
CHILD

555-BLANK



OH NO.
I'M DRUNK.
I'M TOTALLY
DRUNK.



Nngh--





Great.
Another
one.

All right.
All right.
I believe
you.

But we're
responding to an
armed robbery and
possible **gunshot fatality**.
So you'd better start
explaining, or I'm hauling
you kids in for making a
false report.

There *was*
a robbery. Or there
would have been,
except I *squeezed*
the guy pretty good.
That's when he
shot me.

He
didn't mean
to.



"Didn't
mean to."
You *knew*
this guy,
then?

No. He
was wearing
a *mask*. He ran
out after the
gun went
off.



Interesting.

Expect a
subpoena for today's
security tapes. I'll
be keeping an eye on
this place.

Costumed
kids these days.
I tell ya. My
buddy in *Brooklyn*
took a call once
cause a guy was
shooting arrow
off his roof. Know
who he was?

Hawkeye.



The guy
who shot
me...

It was
Vick. Wasn't it?
I recognized
his voice.

Yeah.
It was
Vick.



I've gotta help him. Kamala. I'm his big brother. He's mixed up in something weird.

Weird how?

He was rambling about someone called the Inventor.



And how'd he get that gun? He's done some stupid stuff in his time, but now he's desperate. And scared. And I don't know why.

So let me help.



No way. could be dangerous. I'll handle it.

I'm the one with super-powers.

I don't know! Hold press conferences like that Tony Stark guy!

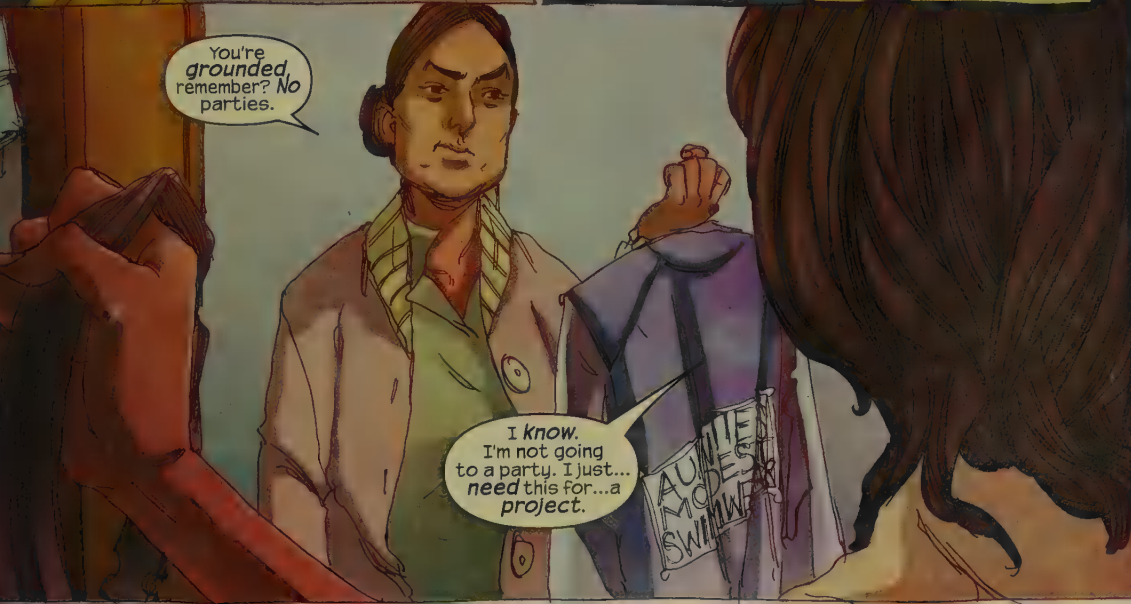
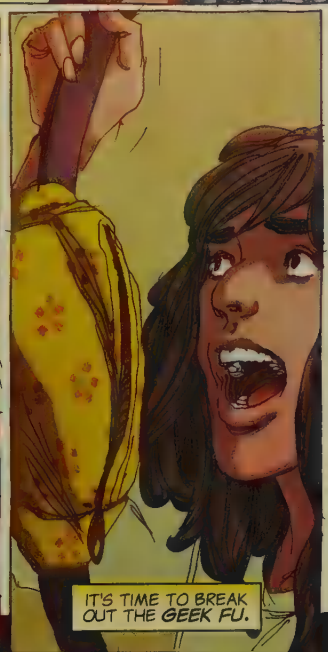
You protect me from stuff all the time. You have since we were kids.

But now I'm the stronger one, and I'm gonna protect you, and that totally freaks you out.

What am I supposed to do with super-powers besides help my friends?

You're right. It totally freaks me out.







Hey!

No. No "hey."

What project requires a **burkini** at 10 PM on a **school night**?



Obviously I'm gonna go **party** with my ten atheist boyfriends.

Really, Kamala? This sarcastic language to **me**? Is this the daughter I raised?



I'm **warning** you, beta. After I leave this room, I am **locking** the doors. And I am setting my alarm for 1 AM.

If I wake up and find you have snuck out again, the next step will involve **Sheikh Abdullah**.

What?! He **hates** me!



Then you'd better think **very carefully** about what you do next.

Good night.

OH MAN. NOW I'M ON THE **CLOCK**. THIS JUST KEEPS GETTING BETTER AND BETTER.



AMMI AND ABU TAUGHT ME TO ALWAYS THINK ABOUT THE **GREATER GOOD**. TO DEFEND PEOPLE WHO CAN'T DEFEND THEMSELVES, EVEN IF IT MEANS PUTTING YOURSELF AT **RISK**.

Bruno? I'm good to go.

Tell me where I'm heading.

I **WISH** THEY COULD SEE THAT THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'M TRYING TO DO.

"Vick's been hanging around an **abandoned** house out in **Greenville**. He doesn't know I know. I pulled the **GPS data** off his cell."

"You mean you opened up the **Maps app** and looked at the last place he'd been."

"Oh come on, dude. Let me feel like a **secret agent** for a minute."

"No **drama**, right, Kamala? You **promised**. Surveillance **only**."

"Right. Just peeking around."

I don't understand why we gotta **keep watch**. Everybody else is **asleep**.

Doyle's orders.

Know what I think?

What?

I think we're not supposed to be keeping **other people out** as much as keeping **Vick in**.

Doyle was really **pissed** about him messing up that **robbery**. Apparently Vick **said** something. About the **Inventor**.

Dude, he's screwed.


Yup.

HEY!

WHAAAA!

LINGH!

Wh-who are you?!



WHO AM I? IT
SEEMS LIKE AN
EASY QUESTION.
AND THEN I
REALIZE...


MAYBE WHAT I
SAID TO THOSE
COPS WASN'T A
JOKE. MAYBE THE
NAME BELONGS TO
WHOEVER HAS
THE COURAGE
TO FIGHT.

AND SO
I TELL
THEM.

You can
call me **Ms.
Marvel.**

And if you
cooperate,
I won't throw
you again.


I TELL
THEM WHO
I AM.



Sit back
to back with your
hands **together.**
Pretend we're on a
cop show.


Where are
you keeping
Vick?

H-he's in the
basement.




You **don't**
want to go
in there,
trust me.

Why
not?



There's
stuff down
there.

Yeah, and
other kids who
are **less stupid**
than we are. Like
Doyle.



You're
making a big
mistake!



Creepy.



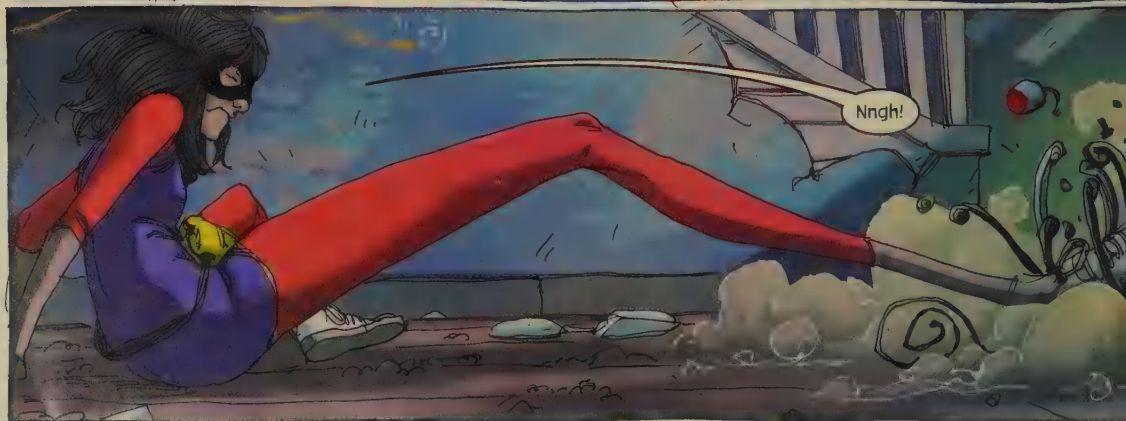
Hunh?!!



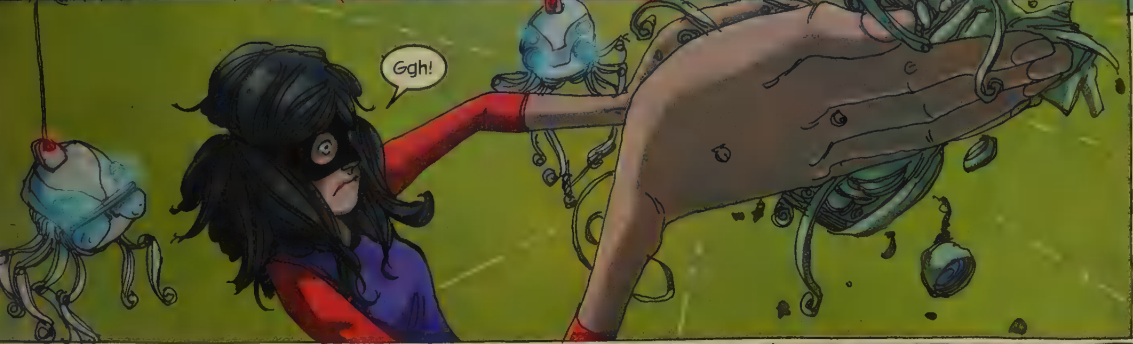
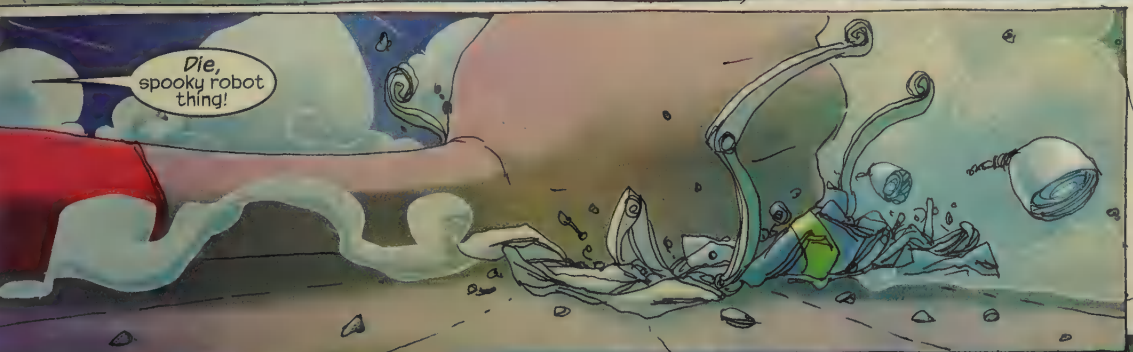
Umph!

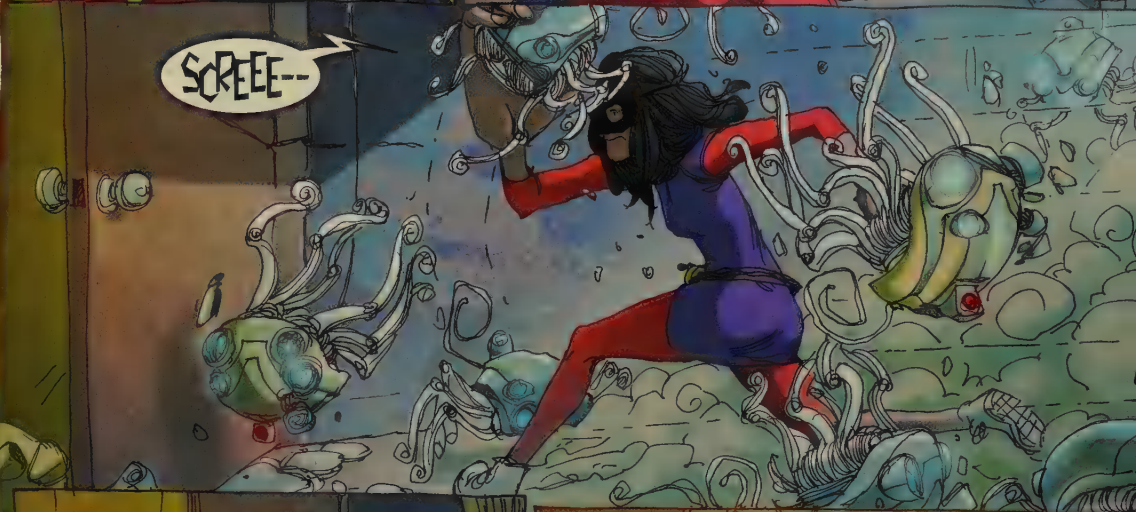
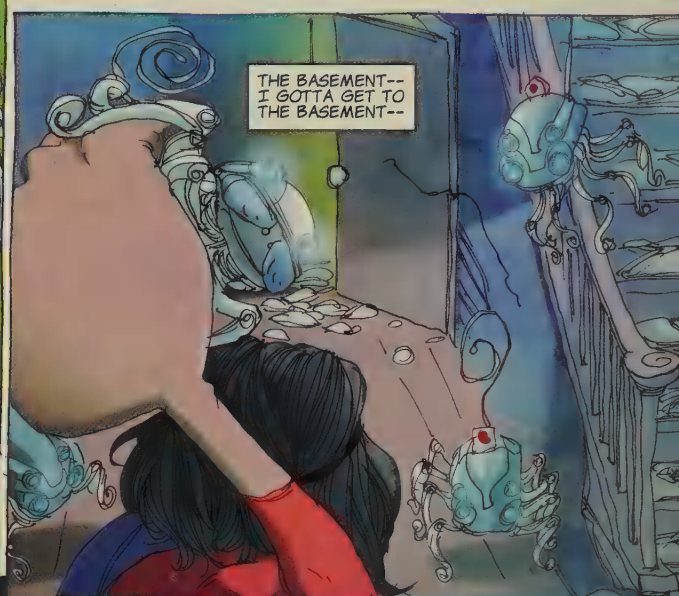
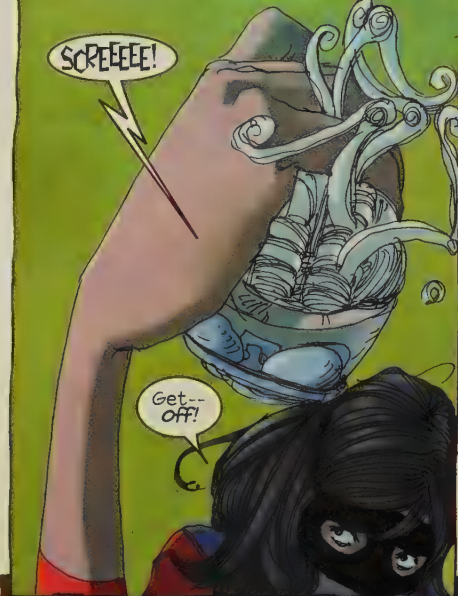


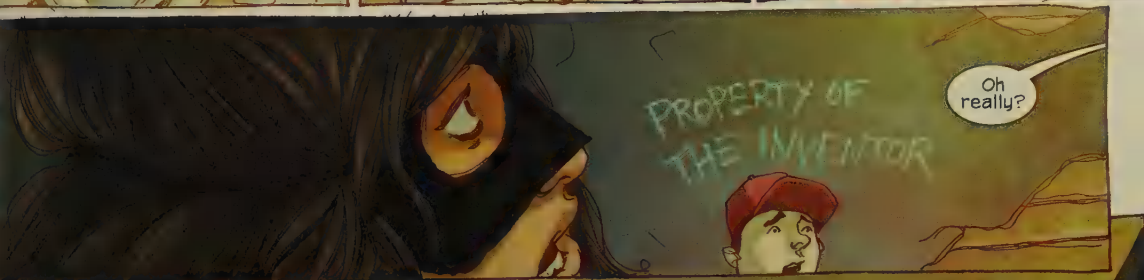
Just like a boss fight in World of Battlecraft... just like a boss fight in World of Battlecraft...



Nngh!









SO THIS
IS TOTALLY
HAPPENING.

There's no
back exit, bendy
girl. The only way
out of here is
through me and
my *kitties*.

MY FIRST LEGIT RESCUE
MISSION AS *MS.
MARVEL*---AND I GET
CORNERED BY A BUNCH
OF CREEPY ROBOTS AND
A GUY WITH 1985 HAIR
AND A LASER GUN.

Then I
guess you'd better
move your *skinny
jeans*, because we
are getting out
of here.

WHERE IS THIS SMACK
TALK COMING FROM?
USUALLY I'M AFRAID TO
CORRECT A SUBSTITUTE
TEACHER WHO CAN'T
PRONOUNCE MY NAME.

Let's start
over.

Hi. I'm
Doyle. I'm the
head-b-boy-in-
charge.

In charge
of *what*,
exactly?

Of the
Inventor's
ultra secret
stash
house.

Who is
this Inventor
guy?

Keep
trashing
his stuff and
you'll find
out.



I don't have to trash anything if you let me and Vick out of here peacefully.

You have *no* right to keep him locked up in a basement like some weird indie horror flick.



Look, bendy girl, Vick messed up. Until the Inventor comes to deal with him, he stays *right here*.

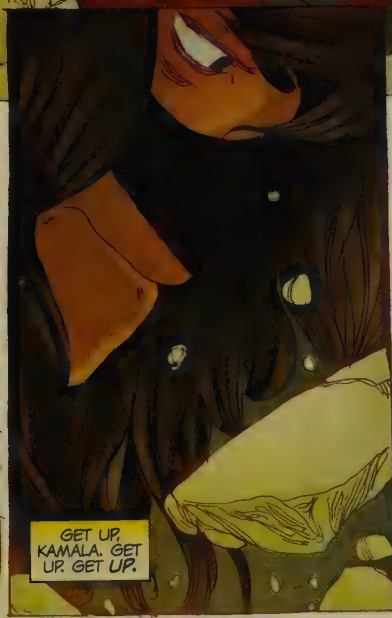


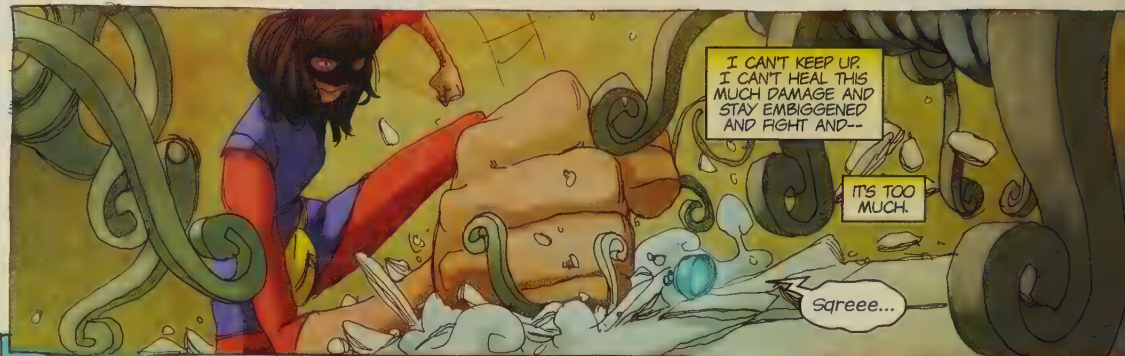
Afraid that's not gonna work for me, Doyle.

That's too bad.

Guess we're gonna have to fight to the *death* or something.

LIKE I SAID. THIS IS TOTALLY HAPPENING.





I CAN'T KEEP UP.
I CAN'T HEAL THIS
MUCH DAMAGE AND
STAY EMBIGGENED
AND FIGHT AND--

IT'S TOO
MUCH.

Sareee...



To me,
kitties!
To me!



SO THIS IS WHEN
I FIGURE OUT
SOMETHING KIND
OF CRUCIAL:

disembiggen--
disembiggen--
disembiggen--



I AM LOSING
THIS FIGHT.

What the--
where did
she go?

No idea,
bruh.



I THOUGHT I COULD
JUST CHARGE IN--
ISN'T THAT WHAT
HEROES DO?

I CAN FEEL THE
FAILURE COMING ON--
THAT AWFUL SYRUPY
FEELING YOU GET IN
YOUR STOMACH WHEN
YOU'VE REALLY
SCREWED UP.

rove St.
5 A.M.

...BUT I'M GOING
TO RESIST IT.

BECAUSE I
HAVE TO GO BACK.
I AM NOT GONNA
FAIL TWICE.

I'M HUNGRY IN A
WAY I'VE NEVER BEEN
HUNGRY BEFORE.
RAVENOUS. STARVING.
SERIOUSLY, I NEED A
THESAURUS.

IT'S THE HEALING,
I THINK IT FEELS LIKE
I SKIPPED A NIGHT
OF SLEEP—LIKE THE
HEALING POWER
COMES STRAIGHT OUT
OF MY LIFE FORCE.

NO LIGHTS.
NO NOISE.

MAYBE AMMI
DIDN'T SET AN
ALARM AFTER
ALL?

AND AS GOOD AS THIS
POST-FIGHT SNACK
TASTES, I CAN'T HELP
THINKING...

WOULDN'T IT BE EVEN
BETTER IF AMMI WAS
WARMING THE FOOD
FOR ME, MAKING ME A
CUP OF CHAI, FUSSING
OVER MY TORN CLOTHES,
PETTING MY HAIR?

AS GREAT AS IT
FEELS TO BE
POWERFUL...

...I KIND OF
WANT MY
MOM.





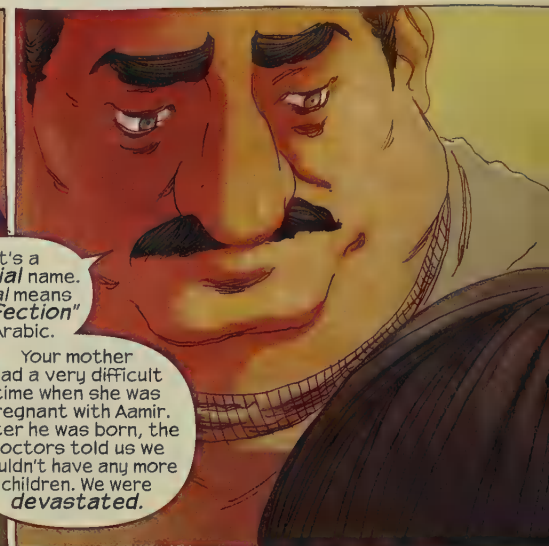


Do you know why we named you Kamala?

No. It's a **weird** name. Everybody else gets to be Yasmine and Layla and stuff.

It's a **special** name. Kamal means "**perfection**" in Arabic.

Your mother had a very difficult time when she was pregnant with Aamir. After he was born, the doctors told us we couldn't have any more children. We were **devastated**.



Then, five years later, **you** came along. Our little miracle.

I held you in my hands at the hospital--a tiny, screaming, pinkish-brown baby--and thought you were the most **perfect** thing I had ever seen.



That's why we gave you your name.

You don't have to be **someone else** to impress anybody. You are perfect just the way you are.



We're not trying to make your life miserable, Kamala. We just want you to be **safe**.

I know.

We want you to **tell** us when you're in trouble.

I will.



Good.
Because
you're still
grounded.

And I
want you to
have a chat
with *Sheikh*
Abdullah.



Maybe
spending more time
at the mosque will
give you some
perspective.

WAY TO RUIN
THE MOMENT,
ABU.



PERFECT
JUST THE
WAY I AM.

I HOPE
SO.

BECAUSE I'VE GOTTEN
VICK INTO EVEN *MORE*
TROUBLE, AND I'VE
GOT TO GET HIM OUT.



ABU IS RIGHT.
BRUNO WAS
RIGHT.

I'M NOT HERE TO
BE A WATERED-
DOWN VERSION OF
SOME OTHER
HERO...



Bruno?
Sorry to
wake you
up.

What
happened?! I
called fifteen
times! What--

I'll explain
everything, but
the short version is
I *lost*. I'm gonna
need to borrow your
science nerd
brain.

...I'M HERE TO BE
THE BEST VERSION
OF KAMALA.

AND IT
STARTS NOW.

So I can take my clothes with me when I embiggen and stuff, but it's *distracting*. I was *slow* at that house in Greenville. I need a costume I can forget about.

Which means it has to be really, really *stretchy*.

What about that polymer you were working on for the scholarship? The *super snot*?

No way, you cannot have my super snot. I am not helping risk your neck again.

Whether you help me or not, my neck is *risked*. I saw what was in that house. This is not just a bunch of *skate punks* we're talking about.

C'mon, Bruno. Remember when we used to play *Avengers vs. Aliens* in elementary school?

This is just like that, only with *actual* laser guns. I *need* you. For real.

How am I supposed to say *no* to that?

You're *not*.

Okay. I'll help. But *only* so we can rescue Vick. After that, no more neck-risking.

Thanks, Bruno.

TIME TO
LEVEL UP.



I HAVE
TOOLS
NOW.

TOOLS I
DIDN'T HAVE
BEFORE.



Was I
faster that
time?

Technically
you are not faster.
Technically you grew
longer legs and took
bigger strides. But yeah,
technically, 17.5
seconds faster.



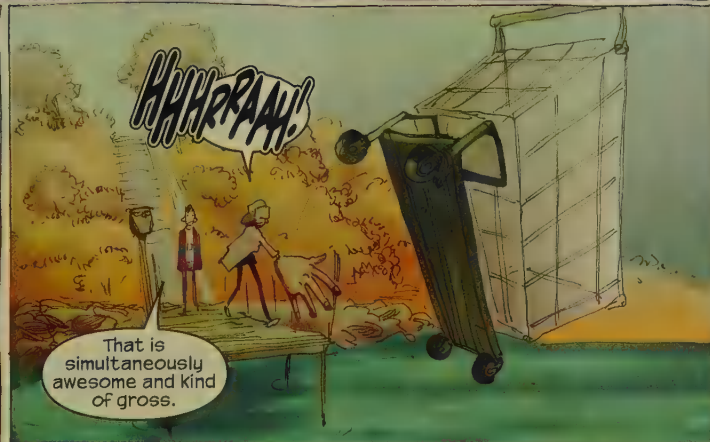
IT'S A MATTER OF
LEARNING HOW TO
USE THEM.

Do
not fail me
now, super
snot.



LEARNING MY
STRENGTHS.

One...
two...
three...



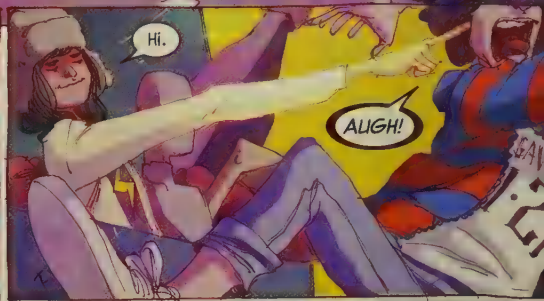
HHHRRRAH!

That is
simultaneously
awesome and kind
of gross.

LEARNING MY
LIMITATIONS.



Okay, you
got me. I have
no idea what
or where you
are.



Hi.

AUGH!



LEARNING HOW TO WORK
WITH THIS NEW BODY,
INSTEAD OF AGAINST IT.

I'm
gonna have
nightmares
about
this.

You're
not the one
staring at super-
sized gerbil
poop.

When was
the last time
you cleaned
poor Chunky's
cage?

GOOD IS
NOT A THING
YOU ARE.



IT'S A THING
YOU DO.

I'll
NEVER BE
"READY!"

You
have your
cell?

In my
boot.

You'll try
not to get
the costume too
wet? Super snot
doesn't like
getting wet.

I know.
Stop
worrying.

BUT I CAN
BE READY
ENOUGH.

Remember the
panic code. If
something goes
wrong, call and let it
ring twice and then
hang up. I'll call
the **cops**.

Okay,
grandma.

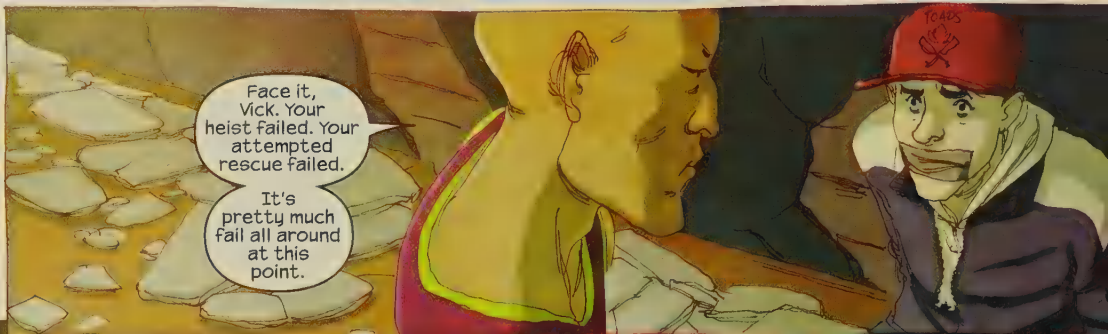
MY HEART IS
POUNDING. MY
PALMS ARE
SWEATING.

WHICH
PROBABLY ISN'T
GOOD FOR THE
SUPER SNOT.

I TELL MYSELF I CAN
DO THIS. I TELL MYSELF
I'M EXACTLY WHERE I
WAS MEANT TO BE. IT'S
LIKE THAT PERSIAN GUY
RUMI SAID.

"WHEREVER
YOU ARE..."

"WAS CIRCLED
ON A MAP
FOR YOU!"



Face it,
Vick. Your
heist failed. Your
attempted
rescue failed.

It's
pretty much
fail all around
at this
point.



And do
you know
what *that*
means?

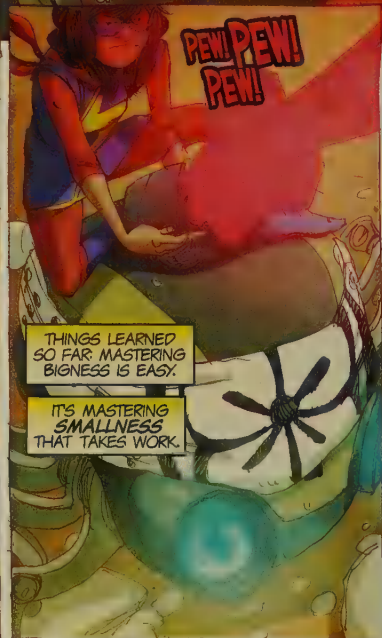
Yeeehaaawww!

Hmmf
hm-fff--
hmm!



Nngh!

Screee!



PEN! PEN!
PEN!

THINGS LEARNED
SO FAR MASTERING
BIGNESS IS EASY.

IT'S MASTERING
SMALLNESS
THAT TAKES WORK.



Gggg--





You think
this is over?
You think you're
safe now?

You have
no idea
what you just
started!



"He will
find you!"



nngh!



Vick!
You idiot!
You're
alive!

Mmmph!

Can't
stop now. Take
him home. We've
all gotta *keep*
moving...

...I have a feeling
this **Inventor**
doesn't make
empty threats."

This is a
big day, dude. New
checkout counter,
new door, all the
workmen finally
gone...

We should
have super heroes
trash the Circle Q
more often, just for
an excuse to get
new stuff.

Mmm!

I actually
went in last night and,
like, swept everything, and
straightened the stuff on
the displays with a ruler,
just because I was
that excited.

We
should have
had a grand
re-opening or
something,
to--

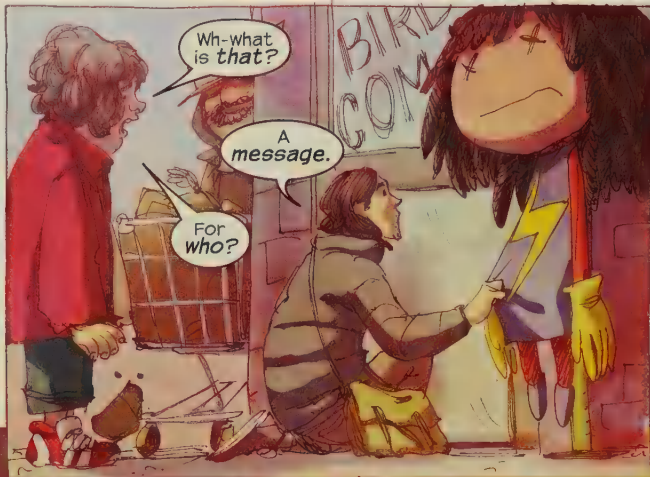
BULLET
ANT
SHAKE
\$4

USING THE
ART FROG
ER

CIRCLE

THE
BIRDMAN
COMETH

--celebrate.



JTHBANK COAL PLANT
(COMMISSIONED).
somewhere in Hudson County.

"If the Inventor
wants a *fight*, he
can have one."



He's not
mad, is he,
Knox? About what
happened at the
Greenville
house?

Mr. Edison
is a man
of...varying
moods.

Yeah,
but is he
mad?

Hmm.



Ask him
yourself.



Mr.
Edison?
Sir?


I want to
apologize for--for
letting *Vick* escape.
We were unprepared
for a *superhuman*
rescue.

But I'm
taking care of
it. She's just a
girl. Easy to
scare.



That *girl*
is walking the
streets of Jersey
City in a costume
and calling herself
Ms. Marvel.

You haven't
just created a
problem, Doyle.
You've created
an *urban*
legend.

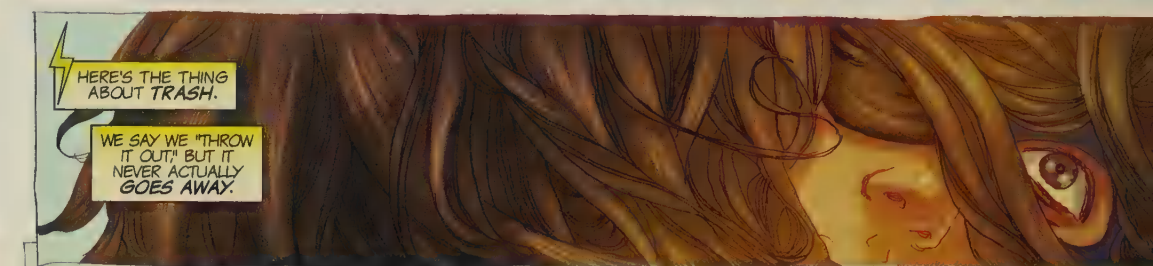


AND THE
LEGEND
ENDS
NOW!

NEXT: HEALING FACTORY

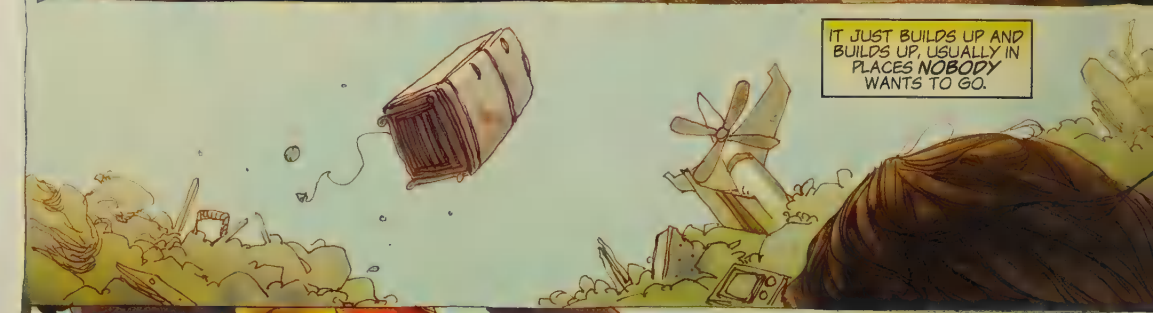


ALL-NEW MARVEL NOW POINT ONE #1
COVER BY SALVADOR LAROCCA & LAURA MARTIN



HERE'S THE THING
ABOUT TRASH.

WE SAY WE "THROW
IT OUT!" BUT IT
NEVER ACTUALLY
GOES AWAY.



IT JUST BUILDS UP AND
BUILDS UP, USUALLY IN
PLACES **NOBODY**
WANTS TO GO.



LIKE RIGHT
HERE, FOR
EXAMPLE.

IN NEW
JERSEY.



THIS IS A
WASTE OF
QUALITY USED
APPLIANCES.

HERE'S THE OTHER THING ABOUT TRASH. ABOUT **ANYTHING** GNARLY AND HIDDEN, IF YOU THINK ABOUT IT.

NO MATTER HOW DEEP YOU BURY IT, NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES YOU FEBREZE IT, IT STARTS TO STINK. AND THEN YOU GOTTA DEAL WITH IT.

MY NAME IS KAMALA KHAN.

AND I'M HERE TO TAKE OUT THE TRASH.

I'D SAY "COME AT ME BRO," BUT I HAVE A FEELING YOU'RE GONNA DO THAT ANYWAY.

NO MATTER HOW DEEP YOU BURY IT, NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES YOU FEBREZE IT, IT STARTS TO STINK. AND THEN YOU GOTTA DEAL WITH IT.

MY NAME IS KAMALA KHAN.

AND I'M HERE TO TAKE OUT THE TRASH.

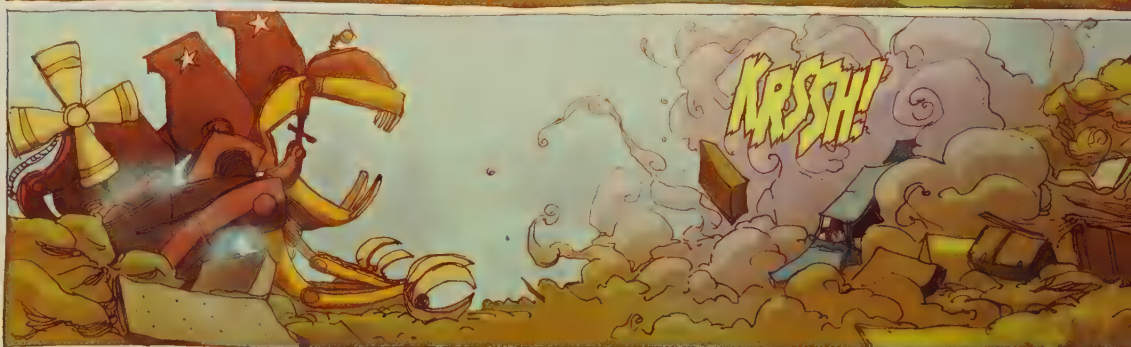
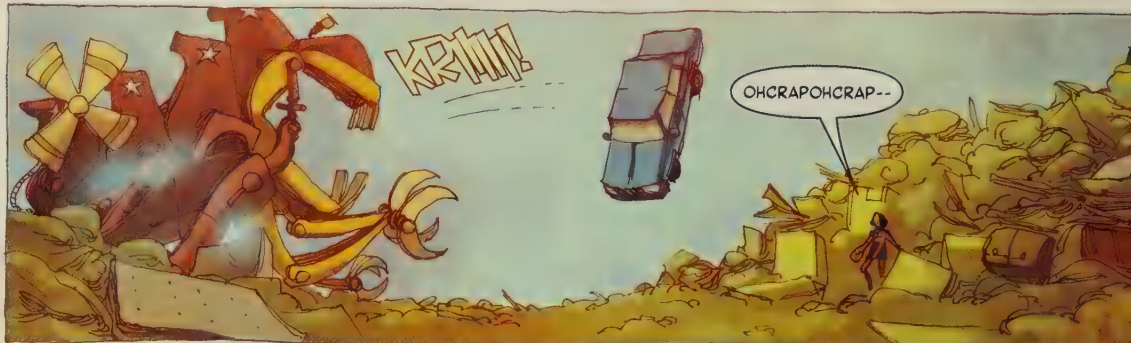
I'D SAY "COME AT ME BRO," BUT I HAVE A FEELING YOU'RE GONNA DO THAT ANYWAY.

NO MATTER HOW DEEP YOU BURY IT, NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES YOU FEBREZE IT, IT STARTS TO STINK. AND THEN YOU GOTTA DEAL WITH IT.

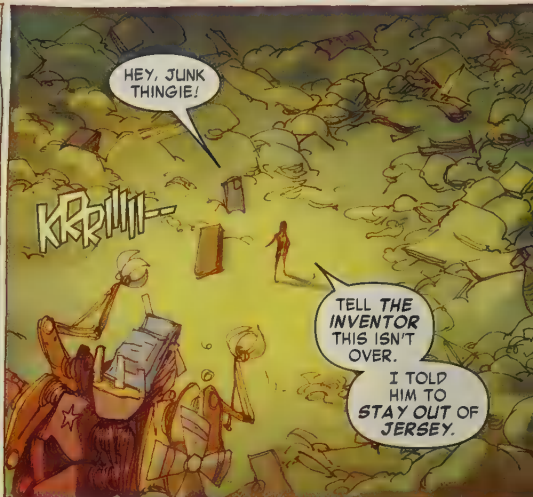
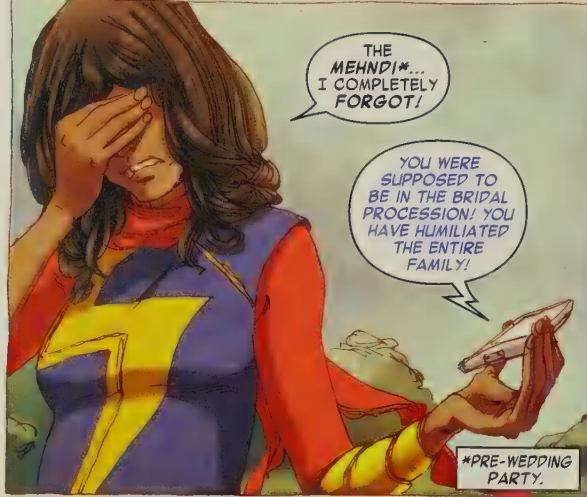
MY NAME IS KAMALA KHAN.

AND I'M HERE TO TAKE OUT THE TRASH.

I'D SAY "COME AT ME BRO," BUT I HAVE A FEELING YOU'RE GONNA DO THAT ANYWAY.







I AM A SHAPE-CHANGING, MASK-WEARING, SIXTEEN-
YEAR-OLD SUPER "MOOZLIM"
FROM JERSEY CITY.

SOME PEOPLE GET
TO HIDE OUT IN
SPACE STATIONS.

CIRCLE Q

I GET A
CIRCLE Q.

YOU'RE
LATE,
DUDE.

I KNOW.
DUDE. IT WAS
SOME SORT OF WEIRD,
SEMI-INTELLIGENT
TRASH CONSTRUCT
THIS TIME.

JUST WHAT
JERSEY CITY NEEDS.
WEAPONIZED
GARBAGE.

THIS IS
THE LAST TIME,
RIGHT? BECAUSE I'M
NOT GOING TO COVER
FOR YOU FOR, LIKE,
EVER.

LAST
TIME, BRUNO.
I PROMISE.

THAT'S
WHAT YOU
SAID THE FIVE
PREVIOUS LAST
TIMES.

YOU
STINK, NO
OFFENSE.

YOU SHOULD
TAKE A SHOWER
BEFORE SHOWING UP
AT A WEDDING WITH A
BAZILLION PAKISTANI
RELATIVES.

NO
TIME!

SUPER HERO
COSTUME:
+5 TO
DEXTERITY.

SHALWAR
KAMEEZ*: +5
TO BLING.

*Shalwar Kameez!
(A.K.A. Pakistani
Clothing!)



I TELL YOU THIS TIME, YUSUF, I'M GOING TO GIVE HER ONE TIGHT SMACK.



NO YOU WON'T.

WE NEED TO GIVE HER A LITTLE SPACE, MUNEEBA. SHE'S SIXTEEN.

THAT'S NO EXCUSE TO NEGLECT HER DUTY TO HER FAMILY!



I'M SORRY, AMMI! I'M SORRY!

DO YOU REALIZE WHAT TIME IT IS?

AND WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT SMELL?!



EW...IT'S LIKE I WRESTLED WITH A PUNCTURED CAN OF TUNA FISH ON A COUCH COVERED IN CAT PEE.

KAMALA, WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO START TAKING THINGS SERIOUSLY?



WHY WON'T YOU TALK TO ME ABOUT WHAT YOU DO ALL DAY? WHAT IS IT YOU FEEL YOU HAVE TO HIDE?

LIKE I SAID, YOU CAN'T REALLY BURY THE UGLY STUFF. NOT FOREVER.



IT'S COMPLICATED. OKAY?

NO. NOT OKAY. I'M YOUR MOTHER. I WANT TO KNOW WHERE YOU ARE ALWAYS SNEAKING OFF TO--



HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO CONFIDE IN YOU IF YOU **FREAK OUT** WHENEVER I COLOR OUTSIDE THE LINES EVEN A TINY BIT?



YOU AND BABA WANT ME TO BE A PERFECT LITTLE MUSLIM GIRL--

STRAIGHT A/S, MED SCHOOL, NO BOYS, NO BOOZE, THEN SOME HAND-PICKED RICH HUSBAND FROM KARACHI AND A BILLION BABIES.



YOUR FATHER AND I WANT THE **BEST** FOR OUR ONLY DAUGHTER. OUR EXPECTATIONS ARE HIGH SO THAT YOUR SUCCESSSES WILL BE **MANY**.

YOUR DEFINITION OF SUCCESS IS PRETTY **NARROW**, IS ALL I'M SAYING.

YOU WANT TO ARGUE AND TALK BACK? **FINE**. WE CAN ARGUE EVERY NIGHT FOR THE REST OF THE MONTH.



YOU'RE **GROUNDED**.

WANNA BET...?



MS. MARVEL #1 VARIANT
BY ARTHUR ADAMS & PETER STEIGERWALD



MS. MARVEL #1 DESIGN VARIANT
BY JAMIE MCKELVIE



MS. MARVEL #2 VARIANT
BY JORGE MOLINA



MS. MARVEL #3 VARIANT
BY ANNIE WU









"This latest move proves [Marvel's] continuing desire to remain leaders in the comic-book industry." —The Guardian

PRESENTING THE INTERNATIONAL SENSATION: THE ALL-NEW MS. MARVEL!

Kamala Khan is an ordinary girl from Jersey City — until she's suddenly empowered with extraordinary gifts. But who truly is the new Ms. Marvel? Teenager? Muslim? Inhuman? Find out as she takes the Marvel Universe by storm! When Kamala discovers the dangers of her newfound powers, she also unlocks a secret behind them. Is Kamala ready to wield these immense gifts? Or will the weight of the legacy before her prove too much to bear? Kamala has no idea, either. But she's comin' for you, Jersey! It's history in the making from acclaimed writer G. Willow Wilson (*Air*, *Cairo*) and beloved artist Adrian Alphona (*Runaways*)!

Collecting *Ms. Marvel* (2014) #1-5 and material from *All-New Marvel Now! Point One* #1, written by G. Willow Wilson and illustrated by Adrian Alphona.

T+

MARVEL

ISBN 978-0-7851-9021-9

